

sacrifice of my foolish habit would be presented as a test of obedience. I would consent. Light, strength and blessing were the result. Afterwards temptation would be presented. I would listen to suggestions like these: "This is one of the good things of God;" "Your religion does not require a course of asceticism;" "This indulgence is not specially forbidden on the New Testament pages;" "Some good people whom you know are addicted to this practice." Thus seeking to quiet an uneasy conscience, I would drift back into the old habit again. After a while, I began to see that the indulgence at best was doubtful for me, and that I was giving my carnality rather than my Christian experience the benefits of the doubt. It could not really harm me to give it up, while to persist in the practice was costing me too much in my religious enjoyment.

I found that after all my objections to sanctification as a distinct work of grace, there was nevertheless a conscious lack in my own religious experience. It was not strong, round, full or abiding. I frequently asked myself, "What is that I need and desire in comparison with what I have and profess;" I looked at the three steps insisted upon by the friends, viz., first, entire consecration; second, acceptance of Jesus moment by moment as a perfect Saviour; third, a meek but definite confession of the grace received; and I said, "These are scriptural and reasonable duties" The remembrance of my experience in Newtown supplied an overwhelming confirmation of all this, and at the same time a powerful stimulus in the direction of duty. "What then," I said; "I will cast aside all preconceived theories, doubtful indulgences, culpable unbelief, and retrace my steps."

Alas! that I should have wandered from the light at all, and afterwards wasted so many years in vacillating between self and God! Can I ever forgive myself? Oh, what a bitter, bitter memory! The acknowledgment that I here make, constrained by candour and a concern for others, is among the greatest humiliations of my life. If I had the ear of those who have entered into the clearer light of Christian purity, I would beseech, entreat, supplicate, and charge them, with a brother's earnestness, that they be warned by my folly. Oh! let such consent to die, if it were possible, a hundred deaths, before they wilfully depart from the path of holiness; for if they retrace their steps, there will still be remembrance of original purity tarnished, and that will prove a drop of bitterness in the cup of their sweetest comfort.

Eternal praise to my long-suffering Lord! Nearly ten years have elapsed since, as the pastor of the Green Street Church in the city of Philadelphia, I again dedicated myself carefully to God, the consecration, of course, including the doubtful indulgence. I said, "I will try and abstain for Christ's sake. I would do